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THE BLOODHOUNDS.

A Sombre Incident of the Civil War.

In 1864, the horrors of war spread over the South like a pall of death. Not only did they stalk among the soldiers to strip the rags from their backs; to starve them or to feed them on rotten meat; to place them in the deadly path of the Minie or the murderous grape; to mow them down with foul disease and loathsome suffering, but they sent conscription, to feed mothers on despair and children on stones, and hunger to take up its abode at the fireside of the poor. The facilities of the transitory and feeble government for supplying means of sustenance to poor families were inadequate in remote and sparsely settled communities; and now that the husband, on whom had depended the livelihood of his family, had been armed with a musket and ordered to the front, there was no lack of anguish and the distressing cry of children for bread. The despairing mother wrote to her husband on paper that was blotted with tears, and from every word there stared at him the suffering faces of his children and the imploring look that no parent can withstand. So the stanch soldier, who could unflinchingly storm a rampart or face a cannon, and who looked upon death as his companion and honor as his future shroud, employed his affections as his grave-digger, and sneaked away in the darkness like a thief. Desertion and death were synonymous terms, and the man sacrificed his life to feed his children. Depletion of the ranks by desertion assumed such alarming proportions that the War Department stretched forth its relentless arm and stained its sword with the blood of its own men. It was not a question of bread for children, but of men for the vanguard. Desertion was, in point of numbers, equivalent to death on the battlefield, so far as it affected the strength of the line; in point of discipline it was a thousand times worse. A man's life was worth nothing unless it served to check the career of a rifle-ball directed at the vitals of the government. To such a desperate straight had the war policy of the Confederate Government been reduced—that, in order to discourage a defection that was becoming epidemic, a patrol was employed, which, with the assistance of hounds in rare instances, hunted the deserters down and hanged them in chains, or shot them, bludgeoned, with their faces to the wall.

One day a deserter named Martin was at work in a corn-field attached to his humble dwelling. Four or five pale, ragged, emaciated children were amusing themselves in the yard, and a homely, care-worn woman was bending over a wash-tub, while her infant, with hollowed eyes and wasted limbs, was playing in the dirt at her side. The man had been at home unmolested for two months, and had come, to experience a faint sense of security. When darkness came on he shouldered his hoe and trudged to the house, taking in his arms a few pine knots which were to furnish light for the evening. The family sat down to a supper of corn-bread, which they washed down with a disgusting drink, too familiar in those days to nearly all classes, and especially to those on whom the finger of war pressed most heavily. It was made from corn, roasted until it was black; it was called "coffee," and was drunk without sugar.

"Well, Mary," said the husband, "the corn will be in roasting-ear in two weeks, and we will have something fit to eat."

"Yes," said the woman.

"And then, you know, the birds will begin to flock in, and I can trap a few of them and get meat."

"Yes."

"I think we're going to get along first rate. I don't believe the war will last three months longer. You know one reason for so much desertion is that a great many soldiers have no idea now that we can ever whip the North, and they think that if they desert the Confederacy will go under before the patrol can catch them. I'm thinking that I am almost out of danger."

"I hope so, William; but there's no telling."

"All right, Mary; but they can't take me alive."

This declaration was made with such a calm and quiet determination that the poor woman looked anxiously at the hard lines about his eyes and mouth. She knew that he meant it, and that the loaded revolver he always carried would never hesitate a moment.

In striking contrast to the woman, the man was of powerful build. His hardships in the army had toughened his muscles and strengthened his large bones and supple joints. In a simple measure of strength he would have been a match for two ordinary men. His shoulders were broad and erect, and his arms and legs large and full of power.

They sat silently watching the blazing knots in the broad fire-place, the woman wearily engaged with some coarse knitting and the man smoking home-made tobacco in an old clay pipe. On a sudden the man took the pipe from his mouth, straightened his shoulders, and listened attentively. His wife noticed the movement, and hurriedly whispered:

"What is it, William?"

"Sh-h-h."

They listened a moment longer, and the man stealthily rose to his feet and gazed steadily at the door, which was barred on the inside.

"What is it, William?" the woman again whispered, having strained her hearing in vain to catch any unusual sound.

"Horses."

"Where?"

He answered by pointing in the direction of the road. The truth flashed upon the woman's mind that, beyond a doubt, a hunting party was abroad, and that their game was a deserter. She rose to her feet, very pale, and regarded her husband with an anxious look. The man glanced at his children, lying asleep on their cots, cast a loving look at his wife, stepped softly to a shelf on which was a bucket of water, and dashed its contents upon the fire. The blaze was extinguished, and the room was in profound darkness.

"Run, William!" whispered the woman in a quivering voice.

He silently clasped her in his arms, and said: "Keep a brave heart, Mary. They can't take me alive."

He pushed her away, although she unconsciously clung to him, pulled out his revolver, cocked it, and let the hammer down softly. He then put on his hat, quietly unbarred the door, and slipped out in the dark.

The sound of the horses' hoofs had ceased. The woman staggered to the open door, and saw several dark forms hurrying around the cottage. They must have seen her husband, for a stern voice called "Halt!" and she heard the click of a carbine. A shadowy figure stole crouching alongside a fence, and on hearing the command it suddenly straightened, and bounded forward like a frightened deer. There was a vivid flash and a report from the carbine, and the stealthy figure halted a moment, and returned the fire. The soldier fell as a pistol-ball crashed through his shoulder; the fugitive ran with redoubled speed, and disappeared in the darkness. There was a rapid discharge of carbines, but Martin had gained the swamp, and further pursuit was out of the question.

The hunters returned and bore the wounded man into the woman's cottage. She rekindled the fire, and assisted with trembling hands in dressing the wound.

"How long has your husband been here?" asked the captain.

"Two months."

"Where will he go?"

"I don't know."

"You do know!"

The woman made no reply.

"Do you know that you are guilty of harboring a deserter?"

"Yes," she said, firmly and proudly, looking him full in the face.

"Do you know what can be done with you?"

She said nothing.

"You can be arrested and punished for a crime."

She regarded him with intense scorn, and remained silent.

"I'm glad he got away," she said, at length, quietly.

"Did you assist him in escaping?"

"He needed no help."

"He surely told you where he was going?"

She shook her head.

"Did he say when he will come back?"

"No."

"Now, I say that you are a woman of sense and courage. If you will tell me where I can find him I will not arrest you."

She treated the proposition with contemptuous silence.

"You would not like to be handcuffed and carried to prison?"

"I wouldn't care."

"What would become of your children?"

The woman became pale, her eyes flashed, and she stammered:

"You would not leave them here to starve, would you?"

"Certainly," said the officer, as he laughed at her agony.

The mother was transformed into a tigress. She sprang across the room, seized a carbine that leaned against the wall, and leveled it at his head.

"You would! you cowardly, inhuman brute!" She screamed as she pulled the trigger.

There was a deafening report, and she fell fainting to the floor.

"Simply sheared me a little," remarked the officer, as with a certain degree of interest he felt a narrow white streak that the ball had cut through his hair. "An inch lower, and—what was it old Nap said at Austerlitz? She's game, though, and quick as lightning. No use trying to get anything out of her. I just wanted to scare her a little, and she took it in dead earnest."

"What are you going to do now, Captain?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, I'll put Walker's dogs after him. They'll fetch him."

"The bloodhounds?"

"Yes."

"Will you follow them up?"

"I don't know."

"They'll never leave him alive if you don't."

"I know it."

"That would be terrible."

"Why?"

"They got that fellow, Rutherford, down, and tore him to pieces."

"Well, what's the difference? Is that any worse than calling the dogs off, and bringing him back alive to be shot?"

"But he's armed and will kill the hounds."

"Twelve dogs? Don't be uneasy. He will finish two or

three of the younger dogs until his pistol is empty, and the rest will manage him. Old Tiger will be there at the finish, and will make all the final arrangements for the funeral. He hangs on closer than death, and they've never got a square blow nor a safe shot at him yet."

At daybreak the next morning an old man, smooth-shaved and stoop-shouldered, was riding in the direction of the woman's cottage. The cavalry captain accompanied him, and eleven bloodhounds—magnificent dogs—trots along, some ahead and others on either side of the horsemen, while two hundred yards in the rear a solitary old dog jogged along as if already weary of the enterprise and disgusted with the life he was called upon to lead. This was none other than the famous Tiger, more generally called "Old Tige," the dog that never lost a trail, and never failed to run his game to earth.

"Walker," said the officer, "I think we had better skirt the woods, and not let the woman know that we've got the dogs out. She might give us trouble."

They entered the swamp in the direction the man had taken, and Walker called the dogs about him. Tiger walked leisurely up, and lay down near his master's horse.

"Heigho! get up, sir!"

The old dog slowly obeyed the command, and stood blinking and staring stupidly at his master. Walker descended from his horse, and pointing to the ground, said:

"He on!"

The other dogs were already scouring the ground in all directions. Old Tige put his nose to the grass, and began to hunt the scent, by systematically describing a circle which he continually widened, his master watching him closely meanwhile, and paying no attention to the other dogs. A young hound soon sent up the well-known howl, and the other dogs chased eagerly around him, Old Tige trotting to the scene behind all the others. The dogs were greatly excited. The old dog unceremoniously pushed his way through the crowd, and sniffed the ground. The young hound, impatient that no command was given, and satisfied that he had found the trail, slowly advanced into the swamp, his nose all the time to the ground. Soon he set off on a full run, the other dogs following with yelps. Old Tige examined the spot indicated by the young hound, but was entirely unconcerned, and proceeded to smell the ground for a few yards around. Walker called the other dogs back, and Old Tige suddenly shook his head until his ragged ears flapped against his jaws, and lay down again.

"He's not satisfied," said Walker. "I will have to show him the track. He's in doubt."

Walker crept away along the fence, followed by the old dog, and when he had reached the spot opposite where the man was last seen, he saw through the fence a track indented in the soft earth, and ordered the dog to climb over. Old Tige clambered laboriously over the rails, and scented the track. He regained his master's side, and trudged with him back to the swamp.

"I think the woman heard the dogs," said Walker. "I saw her looking through the door and listening. Tiger's got the scent. He away, sir!"

The dog hunted for a few moments, and found the trail. With a single yelp he disappeared in the thicker part of the underbrush, and the whole pack bounded yelping after him. They pursued the trail for a mile through the swamp, and mounted a hill on the opposite side. They disappeared over the summit, and Old Tige, already far behind, reached the highest point and came to a standstill. He remained for one or two minutes surveying the surrounding country, and then struck off at a right angle from the trail, with his nose high in the air and his tail straight with his back. He went in the direction of a large plateau covered with tall pines and salamander hills. Occasionally he would stop, as if listening to the yelping of the hounds as it rapidly grew fainter in the distance. Having traversed the plateau, which was five miles in width, he came to the outskirts of a canebrake, and bent his nose to the ground. He proceeded two miles along the edge of the dense growth of cane until he found a path which led through. The traveler would be compelled to pick his way through the mud and water by stepping carefully upon poles and cypress roots. The dog sniffed the ground attentively at the entrance to the swamp, and a sudden swishing of the tail and a loud snorting showed that he had found the trail. Before entering he looked behind him and listened for the dogs, standing the meanwhile on three legs and as still as a statue. No sound could be heard. They had followed the trail and had gone fifteen miles, while the old dog had cut across the country and headed them off.

He pulled through the mire, clambered over the slippery poles, jumped from root to root and from tuft to tuft, until he gained the opposite side. Here he found a fence that was decayed and tumbling down. It inclosed a field that had been in disuse for several years, and that was overgrown with young pines and dewberry vines. Near the opposite side of the field was an abandoned log cabin. The mud had long ago dropped from the cracks between the logs, the roof was partly gone, the chimney had fallen and was a pile of mud and sticks, the windows had lost their shutters years ago, and the hewn slabs, with which the floor was laid were disarranged and decayed. The berries in the field were ripe, and the dog consumed considerable time in wandering around among the pines, his nose all the while close to the ground and his tail whisking fiercely. The cause is easily explained: the man had picked the berries and bread, and

ed in the field. The trail was hot, but the dog remained silent, every now and then raising his head and peering about him. The old house was almost hidden by young mulberries and China trees. The dog left the trail finally and trotted to the door of the cabin. He placed his fore feet upon the block that served as a step, and looked cautiously around the interior. His victim lay upon his face in a corner, sound asleep, his forehead resting upon his right arm, and the pistol clapsed in his right hand. The dog pricked up his drooping ears and eyed him curiously. He noiselessly gained the door sill, still keeping his eyes cautiously on the sleeping man. He advanced one foot upon a slab to the right, but it rocked and made a slight noise. He withdrew his foot, and tried another slab on the left. This was steadier, and bore his weight firmly. He put out his foot to try the next slab, but it was unsteady; he tried another, and it rattled. He waited a few moments, and then backed noiselessly through the door and regained the ground.

Another method of approach was left. The wily old dog crept under the sill and proceeded under the house toward the corner in which the deserter slumbered. About three feet from where he lay a slab had been displaced, leaving an opening six feet long and twelve inches wide. The dog cautiously poked his head through the hole, planted his fore paws upon a beam, and gradually brought his shoulders upward until he stood almost erect upon his hind legs. With a dextrous, noiseless spring, he brought his hind feet upon the beam, and stood a moment in this cramped position. Finding the sleeping man still undisturbed, he approached him carefully, taking his steps slowly. He smelled the man's muddy boots, drawing deep and silent inspirations, and sniffed along his entire person until he reached his head, and here he breathed with much greater caution. The man was in his shirt sleeves, and his large, strong neck presented a tempting field for attack. But the dog was old and his fangs were worn with age. He regarded the exposed neck so eagerly, and his whole frame was so rigid, that it seemed he was on the point of taking a desperate step. Had the man lain with his throat uppermost perhaps the dog would not have hesitated. As it was, while he was regarding the bait that tempted him he suddenly pricked up his ears and listened attentively. He heard the yelping of the hounds as they emerged from the canebrake. Stepping cautiously backward he disappeared through the hole, slunk into a dark corner under the cabin, and lay down.

The hounds crossed the fence, noisy, furious, and blood-thirsty. They tore wildly through the patch of berries, and their noise awakened the man. He listened, and then sprang to his feet. In a moment he realized his horrible position—alone, in a vast wilderness, with no human being to assist him in battling with a terrible death, and with a pack of infuriated bloodhounds, trained in the love of human gore, to tear out his heart and strew his entrails upon the earth. His first feeling was one of overpowering terror. He trembled in every joint and his teeth chattered with fear. He looked around wildly and despairingly, and discovered a joist above his head. Seizing the pistol in his belt, he sprang upward and caught the joist with his hands. It was old and rotten, and swayed under his weight, but he pulled himself upon it and awaited the dogs.

They rushed blindly into the cabin, foaming and yelping, eagerly smelled the slabs on which the man had slept, ran around the cabin barking and hungry for blood, crawled under the house, scoured the shrubbery, went over the field again, and rushed madly back into the cabin. Knowing that they would find him sooner or later, and that every moment he lost lessened the distance between himself and the human bloodhounds, the man selected the largest and finest looking dog and sent a bullet between his eyes. The hound rolled over with quivering limbs and stiffening muscles. The dogs were thunderstruck, but not dismayed. One strong young hound made a desperate spring and fastened his fangs in the man's heel. He fell with a shot through the brain. The man had three shots left, and he must reserve at least one for a last extremity. He had killed two dogs, and counted nine remaining. With two more well-directed shots he reduced the number to seven.

By this time the fugitive had warmed to his work. The blood tingled in his hands and arms, and he felt his great strength bulging and swelling his muscles. No time was to be lost. He replaced the pistol, stood upon the joist, and pushed a few boards from the roof. Grasping the rotten rafters, he pulled himself upon the roof, and sought a bluegeon. The boards were of oak, and were weighted down with logs, which ran transversely, and which he easily pushed off with his feet. With little difficulty he secured a worm-eaten, partially decayed board, four feet long and an inch thick. By striking it over the end of a log he split it, and was thus armed with a powerful weapon. The man was naturally brave, and at this moment his strength seemed so enormous that he felt himself a match for a hundred hounds. The dogs were still in the house, howling and baffled.

Martin crawled carefully to the eaves, and prepared to give battle to the deadly enemy. He looked upon the ground, but the dogs were not visible; and, steadying himself, he dropped heavily and caught nimbly on his feet. He felt that he must finish the fight within half an hour, or he would be confronted with carbines and pistols. The dogs heard him drop, and sprang through the door. The man turned quickly and raised his weapon: the seven dogs made a furious onslaught, but a powerful blow upon the head sent the leader rolling dead upon the ground. The rotten board was strained by the blow, and he must use it more carefully. Six ferocious dogs still confronted him, and two eyes that he did not see blinked at him from under the cabin. The vigor with which the deserter met the attacks, and the threatening attitude that he maintained, disconcerted the dogs, and they ran around him at a safe distance, their teeth glistening, their tails whirling, their heads bent to the ground, the froth dripping from their protruding tongues.

The man suddenly dashed at a dog, and mortally wounded him with a heavy blow on the back of the neck. While he was in the act of striking, and before he could regain his defensive attitude, an active young dog, with fangs as sharp as knives, sprang upon his shoulders and fastened his teeth in the back of the man's neck. The other dogs, emboldened by the success of their companion, made a furious attack from behind. The man faced about, with the fangs of the hound still imbedded in his neck and his back ripped and lacerated with the sharp claws of the suspended dog, and

struck about wildly and desperately, breaking the jaw of one and the leg of another. He made one terrible blow, that, in his agony, missed the mark, and his noble bluegeon was shattered against the ground.

The dog gnawed at his neck, and imbedded his fangs still deeper in the flesh, causing the blood to pour down the man's back and breast. At this moment, when the man was paralyzed with pain and frantic at the loss of his weapon, the two dogs still unhurt that confronted him sprang upon him, buried their teeth in his flesh, and bore him to the ground. He sank upon his knees, threw off the two dogs with a mighty effort, and defended his throat with all the desperation and strength that roused his every energy and sustained his failing hopes. They snapped at his hands and tore them, and completely stripped the shirt from his body. They plowed his skin with their claws, and the blood gushed from a hundred wounds. One of the dogs allowed the strong hand of the man to close upon his throat, and then he was flung stunned to the ground. Catching an idea from this manoeuvre, the man allowed the other hound to seize his arm, then took him by the leg and dashed him against the house.

The deserter was growing faint; but he staggered to his feet, grasped the hind legs of the dog that clung so tenaciously to his neck, snapped the bones as though they were reeds, and jerked him from his hold, tearing the flesh horribly.

By one of those curious eccentricities of fortuitous chance, the man found a weapon in his hands in the dog that he held by the legs, and that snapped at his legs, and writhed and squirmed and howled. The two hounds that he had succeeded in throwing off rallied their strength and returned to the attack cooler and wiser, but none the less terrible. The man backed against the wall, and met the charge by knocking down a dog with the one he held in his hands. Finding that he could not advantageously wield his heavy weapon in such close proximity to the wall, he suddenly advanced and knocked over the other dog in the act. The blows, heavy as they were, did not disable his two antagonists. Every time that he swung down his living bluegeon it became weaker and its struggles more faint. He struck rapidly and carefully, husbanding his strength, yet every now and then missing his object, as it would adroitly evade the blow, and bringing down his heavy club against the ground with a dull thud, crushing its bones and dislocating its vertebrae. In a short while it was but a lifeless mass of broken bones and bruised flesh. The wounded hounds had hidden in the thicket, and the two that remained had become bruised and crippled, and had changed their tactics into harassing their enemy until he had expended all his strength.

The man felt himself growing sick and faint, and he recognized the necessity of immediately bringing the fight to a close by capturing his enemies with strategy. He threw aside his weapon, but the dogs simply glared at him. If he could only get them in his clutches again he would be saved, but experience had made them cunning. So he suddenly threw up his hands and felt, and they sprang for his throat. Quick as a cat he seized a throat in each hand, turned them over upon the ground with great difficulty, planted his great knees upon their breasts, and, crushing their ribs with his remaining strength, choked them until their eyes almost burst from their sockets, until their tongues swelled and hung from their mouths, and until life was extinct.

The terrible fight had lasted two hours. The man staggered to his feet and looked around. Not a soul was in sight. He drew a deep breath, and his naked, bloody chest swelled with triumph. But the loss of blood and the extreme pain of his wounds had so exhausted him that he felt the ground rising to strike him in the face, and, with a heavy lunge, he lay extended upon the ground.

Two glittering eyes, followed by the neck and shoulders of a hound, emerged from under the cabin. The Tiger crept forward softly, but darted back as the man with a desperate effort rose to his hands and knees. The deserter battled bravely with unconsciousness, but was dying of thirst. He crawled painfully along a disused path leading to a spring, while the blood streamed upon the ground. On reaching the spring he drank greedily, and bathed his face and head. The blood poured from his wounds and changed to the color of wine the little stream that flowed from the spring. The dog had followed him unseen, and was crouching behind a thick clump of shrubbery. The man, refreshed by the water, again staggered to his feet, but the pines swam before his eyes and he fell unconscious to the ground. The old dog approached cautiously, and, when within a few feet of his prey, sprang forward and closed his powerful jaws upon the throat of the fainting man.

* * * * *

A woman, pale and haggard, and with the wild light of insanity in her eyes, sat on the ground and held the head of her husband in her lap, and rocked, and moaned, and sang, and cried, and called him vainly. The eyes that stared at the sky were so terribly bloodshot, and the face was so black, and the features so distorted, that it is strange she recognized as her husband the disfigured, lifeless body of Martin, the deserter.

OAKLAND, December 5, 1879.

A queer story reaches us from St. Petersburg. Lady Dufferin went to Court to be presented to the Czarina. On arriving at the Winter Palace she was shown into an ante-room, as she thought, where an aged lady, whom she took to be a mistress of the ceremonies, was seated on an ottoman. The lady motioned her to a place beside her, and entered into conversation, but in a frigid Russian style. The handsome Irishwoman, with the Hamilton blood in her veins, has a little pride of her own, and, thinking the Muscovite waiting woman was rather patronizing to the wife of an ambassador, assumed a "stand-off" air on her side. The ceremonious dame became more ceremonious, and almost haughty. At length she asked:

"Have you seen my daughter lately?"

"Pardon me, madame," said Lady Dufferin, "I fancy we do not move in the same circle. Pray, who may your daughter be?"

The answer led up to a tableau.

"The Duchess of Edinburgh," said the stately old female, who was no other than the Empress of Russia herself.

We often forgive those who tire us, but can not forgive those whom we tire.—*La Rochefoucault*.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

Some Account of the King of Blunderers.

He belonged to the ancient family of De la Russe, at Fermoy; he was created a Baronet in 1782, and was married to the eldest daughter of Sir James Caldwell, but had no heir. He used to account for his lack of progeny by saying that it was "hereditary in his family to have no children." He was elected member for Tralee in 1775, and even at that time he had a regular reputation for blundering. He was known upon one occasion, after a withering exposure or patriotic denunciation of government, to say, with solemn gravity:

"Mr. Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes."

Or if the subject of debate was some national calamity, he would deliver himself thus:

"Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater."

Another of his blunders was made when speaking of the fish-hawkers.

"They go down to Ringsend," he observed, "buy the herrings for half nothing, and sell them for twice as much."

A letter supposed to have been written by Sir Boyle Roche during the Irish rebellion of '98 gives an amusing collection of his various blunders. Perhaps he never put quite so many on paper at a time; but his peculiar turn of "bulls" is here shown at one view. The letter was first printed in the *Kerry Magazine*, now out of print:

DEAR SIR:—Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the bloodthirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink, except whisky. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this letter I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end; and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings-on that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago; but I only received it this morning—indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed.

No longer ago than yesterday, the mail coach from Dublin was robbed near this town. The mail bags had been very judiciously left behind, for fear of accidents, and, by great good luck, there was nobody in the coach except two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard, but they had no colors or any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; and to it we went. By the time half our party were killed, we began to be all alive. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes, and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different—chiefly green. After the action was over, we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security.

Adieu. I have only time to add that I am yours in haste,

B. R.

P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it may have miscarried; therefore I beg you write and let me know.

Camille Flammarion, the French scientist, thus expresses himself in *La Correspondance Scientifique* regarding the ultimate fate of our globe: "The earth was born; she will die. She will die either of old age, when her vital elements shall have been used up, or through the extinction of the sun, to whose rays her life is suspended. She might also die by accident, through collision with some celestial body meeting her on her route, but this end of the world is the most improbable of all. She may, we repeat, die a natural death through the slow absorption of her vital elements. In fact, it is probable that the air and water are diminishing. The ocean, like the atmosphere, appears to have been formerly much more considerable than it is in our day. The terrestrial crust is penetrated by waters which combine chemically with the rocks. It is almost certain that the temperature of the interior of the globe reaches that of boiling water at a depth of about six miles, and prevents the water from descending any lower; but the absorption will continue with the cooling of the globe. The oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid which compose our atmosphere also appear to undergo absorption, but slower. The thinker may foresee, through the mist of ages to come, the epoch, yet afar off, in which the earth, deprived of the atmospheric aqueous vapor which protects her from the glacial cold of space by preserving the solar rays around her, will become chilled in the sleep of death. As Henri Vivarez says: 'From the summit of the mountains a winding sheet of snow will descend upon the high plateaus and the valleys, driving before it life and civilization, and masking for ever the cities and nations that it meets on its passage.' Life and human activity will press insensibly toward the intertropical zone. St. Petersburg, Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, Constantinople, and Rome will fall asleep in succession under their eternal shroud. During very many ages equatorial humanity will undertake Arctic expeditions to find again under the ice the place of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles. The sea coasts will have changed, and the geographical map of the earth will have been transformed. No one will live and breathe any more, except in the equatorial zone, up to the day when the last family, nearly dead with cold and hunger, will sit on the shore of the last sea in the rays of the sun which will thereafter shine here below on an ambulant tomb revolving aimlessly around a useless light and a barren heat."